

SUPPLEMENT •

TO

La Belle Assemblée,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XII.

SKETCH

OF THE PROGRESS AND STATE OF LITERATURE,
FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS.

HISTORY.

JUST two years have elapsed since opportunity offered for us to notice the commencement—Vols. I. and II.—of “*Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First, King of England, by J. D’Israeli.*” That portion of the work, interesting and valuable as it was—for a candid and faithful history of the life and reign of the unfortunate Charles, had long been a *desideratum*—embraced only about four years of the monarch’s reign: we have now the third and fourth volumes, coming down to the flight of Charles, from London to Hampton and Windsor, in 1642-3; and a fifth and closing volume is promised, illustrating the civil wars, and bringing the royal victim to the scaffold. How this is to be effectively accomplished in the space of a single volume, we are somewhat at a loss to comprehend. Mr. D’Israeli, however, has evidently weighed and apportioned his materials judiciously: there is no fear of his book’s encountering a fate similar to that of Sir Walter Scott’s notorious ponderosity, the “*Life of Buonaparte, and History of the French Revolution,*” in nine volumes, which is now on regular sale, not like Lady Morgan’s works, at half-price, but below half-price!

As material for history, rather than as history itself, the reader’s attention is directed to a “*Narrative of the French Revolution in 1830: an Authentic Detail of the Events which*

took place on the 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th of July; with the Occurrences preceding and following those Memorable Days, accompanied with State Papers and Documents.” This volume is from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Colton, the somewhat celebrated author of “*Lacon.*” The sudden, extraordinary, and mysterious disappearance of this gentleman, some years since, must yet be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers. He was thought to have absconded from his creditors—to have destroyed himself—to have been secretly murdered. The first of these opinions seems to have been the correct one. At all events, he was, after his departure, declared a bankrupt. It was affirmed that he had been seen in America, in France, and in different parts of Europe. For a long time, however, no certain intelligence was received respecting him. At length, within these few months, it was ascertained that he was living, or rather starving, in a state of utter destitution, at Paris. The volume before us, which issues from the press of Galignani, will, we sincerely hope, prove the means of relieving him from the immediate pressure of extreme poverty. Mr. Colton, who is a man of unquestioned talent, and who, from the possession of that talent, ought to have ranked higher than he does in English literature, was an eye-witness of the principal scenes of the late revolution; and thus he has been enabled to furnish a more clear, distinct, and vivid narrative of its pro-

gress, in detail, than any that has yet appeared. It has the merit, too, of being written in a liberal and impartial spirit. Many of his passages are quite pictures. For instance

"In the Rue St. Honoré the combat began about three o'clock. The Place du Palais Royal had been occupied by strong detachments of infantry, and gendarmerie, mounted and on foot. The Place du Carrousel was occupied by the grenadiers à cheval, and the lancers of the Garde Royale, waiting for orders. Their appearance was most imposing, and their numbers seemed to laugh to scorn any effort of an undisciplined mob, however numerous. About forty pieces of field artillery were all in readiness for action. The contest began by the people seizing the corners of the numerous small streets leading into the Rue St. Honoré, from the church of St. Roch to the Rue de l'Arbre Sec, on both sides of the way, firing as tirailleurs, and retreating to shelter while they loaded. Many were posted at the different windows, and the piles of stones heaped up in every story to the very garrets, showed plainly the reception the troops would meet, should they move from the open space, and attempt to dislodge their antagonists, who annoyed them at every point, but retreated with such rapidity, that they could scarcely get a shot at their unseen and harassing enemy; while, on the contrary, almost every discharge took effect upon a body of men who were compelled to shew two fronts, the one up and the other down the street. This desultory mode of warfare was dreadfully harassing to the soldiers, who maintained their post with firmness indeed, but without producing any effect. It was easy to see that many of these skirmishers, though clad as masons, or carpenters, from the skill and activity they displayed, had not on that day for the first time cultivated an acquaintance with a musket."

And, again, his account of the retreat of Charles the Tenth's troops towards St. Cloud:—

"The principal body of that confused mass, which once formed an army, took the direction of the road to St. Cloud; and if the slightest spark of hope still remained in any of the adherents of the court, it must have been extinguished by the silent tale of total discomfiture, so visible in the forlorn appearance of this shattered band. Their march, or rather their flight, was retarded at times by the feeble resistance of their rear-guard, occasionally facing about, and keeping up a desultory fire, returned with vivacity by the people, who harassed their flanks, and continued their pursuit as far as the barrier of the Ecluse. Calves were mingled with the gendarmes de charrie, officers grouped with pri-

vates, trumpeters and drummers charged in by dragons and lancers, some dismounted, others on horses jaded or bleeding, portions of regiments of the line mixed up with the splendid but disordered trappings of the Garde Royale—some fainting and breathless from exhaustion, others tendering their feeble help to the wounded—the flashes of musketry piercing at intervals through the heavy cloud of dust that enveloped them—the triumphant exclamations of the people—the melancholy and dejected air of the vanquished—formed altogether a moving picture, which the imagination may conceive, but a true idea of which can be formed only by those by whom it was witnessed."

The description of the manner in which the towers of the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois were occupied, and the expulsion of the Swiss from the Louvre, is also full of interest. The forbearance of the mob, in not destroying the precious contents of that noble gallery, has always, to us, been matter of extreme astonishment. It is certain, however, that the lower classes of the French have an infinitely finer appreciation of the interest, beauty, and value, of works of art, than those of England. But it was chiefly, it appears, through the exertions of M. Prosper Lafaiet, a young painter, that the treasures of the Louvre were preserved. After having assisted in the capture, he devoted all his energies to their safety—penetrated into the interior of the museum, and did not quit it the whole day. It is curious, however, to remark—for it shews the inveteracy of feeling which was evinced by the people towards the King—that Lafaiet's utmost efforts "to preserve the picture of the coronation of Charles X., by Gérard, were unavailing; it was literally drilled with balls. A portrait of the same monarch, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, experienced a similar fate. These were the only losses sustained by the museum on this day of miracles."

How different was the conduct of the populace in their ravages of the Tuilleries!

* All the royal apartments suffered considerably. Splendid specimens of porcelain, ornaments of the most costly description, and magnificent mirrors, were broken without mercy. A portrait of the Duke of Angouleme, in the Salle des Marchands, was torn into a thousand pieces, and every bust or portrait of the royal family was instantly mutilated or destroyed. An exception, indeed, was made: one of the vases had raised the bust of his master to resemble the bust of Louis the Eighteenth, when he was reminded that to this monarch France was indebted for the Charter." MIDDLE STONE 219

A few lines more, and we must terminate our extracts. Will they not go far to justify the observation of Buonaparte, that the *Duchess of Angoulême* was the only man in the family of the Bourbons? And will they not go far to justify the inferences that the physiognomist must inevitably draw from Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of the *Duke d'Angoulême*, in the late assemblage of Sir Thomas's works in the British Institution?

"It is remarkable, that in the library of the Duchess of Angoulême alone were found any pamphlets, or other works, calculated to give information upon the state of popular feeling, or the events passing without the walls of the royal residence. The literary treasures found in the apartments of the Dauphin, were limited to a complete set of *Almanachs*! from the sixteenth century. It must not be supposed, however, that the royal library was deficient in valuable works; on the contrary, it contained a truly noble collection, including the works of nearly every renowned writer from Homer downwards."

As a book of reference for documentary information, Mr. Colton's volume will be found extremely useful.

BIOGRAPHY.

SCARCELY were the remains of his late Majesty cold in their coffin—in their tomb they were not—than the public were put in possession of an octavo volume, entitled "*George IV. : Memoirs of his Life and Reign, interspersed with numerous Personal Anecdotes; to which is prefixed an Historical Account of the House of Brunswick, from the Earliest Period; by H. E. Lloyd, Esq.*" More recently—within these few weeks indeed—another octavo volume has appeared, on the same subject—"*Memoir of His Late Majesty, George the Fourth; by the Rev. G. Croly.*" With extensive information—a powerfully-observant mind—elevated, loyal, and patriotic feeling—and talents for literary composition, surpassed by none, and equalled by few, if any, of his contemporaries—Mr. Croly came to his task admirably qualified for its most successful execution. Nor has he failed to produce a noble monument to the memory of a man—of a monarch—who too often calumniated when living, whose fair fame has been basely trampled upon since his decease. Not that Mr. Croly's work forms a tissue of unqualified panegyric: quite the contrary: it is, in its general character, impartial, candid, and dignified. Mr. Lloyd's volume, too, is a plain, straight-forward, ingenious statement of facts, as far as facts were within the writer's reach. He

thus notices the royal subject of his pen, at an early period of life—

"When he attained his majority, he was unquestionably the most accomplished young prince in Europe. Besides a correct and extensive knowledge of the ancient languages, he could converse with ease and fluency in French, German, and Italian. The best English writers, especially the poets, were familiar to him; and his refined taste and correct judgment on all subjects relative to the *belles lettres*, have never been disputed. He was a considerable proficient in music, both vocal and instrumental, and was always considered as an excellent judge of that elegant science; and his taste in the fine arts has been as conspicuous as the munificence with which he encouraged them. With all these accomplishments, the prince royal combined the advantages of an uncommonly handsome person, an expressive and intelligent countenance, the most polished and graceful address, the happiest mixture of conscious dignity and unaffected affability, a fascination of manner which nothing could resist, before which the voice of remonstrance was silent, and discontent was changed into a feeling of admiration."

Here is a parallel passage from Mr. Croly:—

"His rank alone would have secured him flatterers; but he had higher titles to homage. He was, then, one of the handsomest men in Europe; his countenance open and manly; his figure tall, and strikingly proportioned; his address remarkable for easy elegance, and his whole air singularly noble. His contemporaries still describe him as the model of a man of fashion, and amusingly lament over the degeneracy of an age which no longer produces such men. But he possessed qualities which might have atoned for a less attractive exterior. He spoke the principal modern languages with sufficient skill; he was a tasteful musician; his acquaintance with English literature was, in early life, unusually accurate and extensive; Markham's discipline, and Jackson's scholarship, had given him a large portion of classical knowledge; and nature had given him the more important public talent of speaking with fluency, dignity, and vigour. Admiration was the right of such qualities, and we can feel no surprise if it were lavishly offered by both sexes."

Mr. Croly's views of life and society are admirable—his satire upon prevailing fashions and vices, severe and caustic. Speaking of the luxurious period at which his late Majesty, then Prince of Wales, commenced his public career—when "gaming, horse-racing, and still deeper deviations from the right rule of life, were looked upon as the natural

embellishments of rank and fortune"—when dissipation, in its most seductive and demoralizing forms, was imported, in full freights, from France—he observes:—

"Private theatricals, one of the most dexterous and assured expedients to extinguish, first the delicacy of woman, and then her virtue, were the favourite indulgence; and, by an outrage to English decorum, which completed the likeness to France, women were beginning to mingle in public life, try their influence in party, and entangle their feebleness in the absurdities and abominations of political intrigue."

After adverting to the contrast which the young Prince must have experienced between the virtues of his father's court, and the vices of public society—observing that "there was much in the times to perplex a man of his high station and hazardous opportunities, let his self-control be however vigilant"—and that "the habits of society have since been so much changed, that it is difficult to conceive the circumstances of that singular and stirring period"—Mr. Croly proceeds:—

"We live in a day of mediocrity in all things. The habits of fifty years ago were, beyond all comparison, those of a more prominent, showy, and popular system. The English nobleman sustained the honours of his rank with a larger display; the Englishman of fashionable life was more conspicuous in his establishment, in his appearance, and even in his eccentricities: the phaeton, his favourite equipage, was not more unlike the cabriolet, that miserable and creeping contrivance of our day, than his rich dress and cultivated manners were like the wretched costume and low fooleries that make the vapid lounge of modern society. The women of rank, if not wiser nor better than their successors, at least aimed at nobler objects: they threw open their mansions to the intelligent and accomplished minds of their time, and instead of *fêteing* every foreign coxcomb, who came with no better title to respect than his grimace and his guitar, surrounded themselves with the wits, orators, and scholars of England."

Mr. Croly—very judiciously, as we conceive—touches lightly upon the unfortunate marriage of the Prince—a marriage into which both parties were cruelly forced, to the embitterment of the remainder of their lives. "The whole narrative," he observes, "is painful, and cannot be too hastily passed over." Mr. Lloyd, however, is more diffuse upon the subject, which he illustrates by some remarkable statements. After mentioning that the Princess received the intelligence of the proposal of marriage "with

composure, amounting to indifference," he further states—

"That the proposed union was one by which her family would be elevated, and by which her own happiness *might be* improved, she admitted; but her heart was, of course, unmoved by the prospect. Her consent she did not withhold, because, although she had heard of the follies of the prince, she had also heard of his virtues; and his generosity and sensibility had been greatly extolled. Yet here it must be admitted, that the princess neither did nor could love her future husband. Her affections had been fixed on a young German prince, to whom she could not give her hand. The precise state of her mind cannot be better explained than in her own words. In a letter written to a friend, dated 28th November, 1794, she thus expressed herself:—'You are aware, my friend, of my destiny. I am about entering into a matrimonial alliance with my first cousin, George Prince of Wales.' His generosity I regard, and his letters bespeak a mind well cultivated and refined. My uncle is a good man, and I love him very much; but I feel that I shall never be inexpressibly happy. Estranged from my connections, my associations, my friends, all that I hold dear and valuable, I am about entering on a permanent connection. I fear for the consequences. Yet I esteem and respect my intended husband, and I hope for great kindness and attention. But, ah me! I say sometimes I cannot now love him with ardour. I am indifferent to my marriage, but not averse to it; I think I shall be happy, but I fear my joy will not be enthusiastic. The man of my choice I am debarred from possessing, and I resign myself to my destiny. I am attentively studying the English language; I am acquainted with it, but I wish to speak it with fluency. I shall strive to render my husband happy, and to interest him in my favour, since the fates will have it that I am to be Princess of Wales.'"

But we must find room for two or three brief but splendid passages relating to the French revolution—not the revolution of 1830—an era most painfully identified with the life and times of George IV.

"The story of the French Revolution is still to be told; and the man by whom that tale of grandeur and atrocity is told, will bequeath the most appalling lesson ever given to the hardy wisdom of nations. But the first working of the principle of ruin in France was brilliant; it spread a universal animation through the frame of foreign society. All was a hectic flush of vivacity. Like the Sicilian landscape, the gathering fires of the volcano were first felt in the singular luxuriance and fertility of the soil. Of

all stimulants, political ambition lays the strongest hold on the sensibilities of man. The revolutionary doctrines, still covered with the graceful robes of patriotism and philosophy, seemed to have led the whole population of France into enchanted ground. Every hour had its new accession of light; every new step displayed its new wonder. Court formality—hereditary privilege—the solemnity of the altar—all that had hitherto stood an obstacle to the full indulgence of natural impulses—all the rigid and stately barriers established by the wisdom of elder times against popular possession, were seen suddenly to shrink and fade away before the approach of the new regeneration, like mists before sunbeams. The listless life of the man of rank was suddenly supplied with an excitement that kindled all the latent activities of his nature; the man of study found, with delight, his solitary speculation assuming a life and substantial shape before his eye, and the long arrears of fortune about to be paid in public fame and power; the lower classes listened with fierce avidity to the declaration, that the time was at hand for enjoying their share of that opulent and glittering world on which they had hitherto gazed, with as little hope of reaching it as the firmament above their heads. Thus was prepared the revolution. Thus was laid under the foundation of the throne a deadly compound of real and fantastic injury, of offended virtue and embittered vice, of the honest zeal of general good, and the desperate determination to put all to hazard for individual licence, rapine, and revenge—a mighty deposit and magazine of explosion, long visible to the eyes of Europe, invisible to the French government alone, which only waited the first touch of the incendiary, to scatter the monarchy in fragments round the world. Philosophy was the grand leader in this progress of crime; and it is a striking coincidence, that at this period its title to national homage should have been, as if by an angry destiny, suffered to aid its popular ambition.”

Again, after adverting to the peace of 1782—“the graces of the young Queen, then in the pride of youth and beauty—the pomp of the royal family and the noblesse—the costliness of the *fêtes* and celebrations, for which France has been always famous”—he continues—

“But the revolution was now hastening with the strides of a giant upon France: the torch was already waving over the chambers of this morbid and guilty luxury. The corrective was terrible: history has no more stinging retrospect than the contrast of that brilliant time with the days of shame and agony that followed—the untimely fate of beauty, birth, and heroism—the

more than serpent-brood that started up in the path which France once emulously covered with flowers for the step of her rulers—the hideous suspense of the dungeon—the heart-broken farewell to life and royalty upon the scaffold.”

But we must conclude; and it shall be with the following passage—a passage of deep importance to more than one country, at the present moment:—

“The bewildered career and unhappy fate of the Duke of Orleans are now matter of history. He was born in a hazardous time for a man of weak understanding, strong passions, and libertine principles.—The monarch but a grown child; the queen, estimable but imperious, full of Austrian ‘right divine,’ and openly contemptuous of the people; the court jealous, feeble, and finding no resource for its weakness but in absolute artifice and temporary expedient; the nobility a mass of haughty idlers, an hundred and twenty thousand gamblers and intriguers, public despisers of religion and the common moral obligations by which society is held together; chiefly poor, and living on the mendicant bounty of the court; worthless consumers of the fruits of the earth, yet monopolists of all situations of honour and emolument, and by their foolish pride in the most accidental of all distinctions—birth; by their open meanness of solicitation for that last livelihood which a man of true dignity of mind would seek—a dependence on the public purse; and by their utter uselessness for any purpose but that of filling up the ranks of the army; rendered at once weary of themselves, and odious to the nation. But beyond those central, projecting points in the aspect of France, those fragments of the old system of the monarchy, the politician saw a wilderness of living waves, a boundless and sullen expanse of stormy passions, furious aspirations, daring ambition and popular threat of slaughter; a deluge rising hourly round the final, desperate refuge of the state, and soon to overtop its last pinnacle. But the Duke of Orleans was not to see this consummation. He returned to France; was seized by the men of liberty; condemned without a hearing by the votaries of immaculate justice; and murdered on the scaffold by the purifiers of the crimes of lawgivers and kings. The son of the duke has now peaceably ascended the magnificent throne which dazzled the ambition of his father. Whether France will long suffer a king, may be doubtful. But while his claim is that of the national choice, entitled, by an exertion of extraordinary courage, justice, and moderation, to the disposal of the throne, we must rejoice that France has obtained a man of virtue, and that such a man should be endowed with so illustrious an oppor-

tunity of redeeming his name, and of spreading the benefits of wisdom and power to mankind."

We have various other biographical works to mention; but we can only record their appearance—only indicate them to our readers. The next upon our list is, "*The Life of Reginald Heber, D.D., Lord Bishop of Calcutta; by his Widow: with Selections from his Correspondence, Unpublished Poems, and Private Papers; together with a Journal of his Tour in Norway, Sweden, Russia, Hungary, and Germany, and a History of the Cossacks,*" in two quarto volumes. "The book," observes the editor of that now spirited and clever publication, *The Monthly Magazine*, "is a miserable one at best; a compilation of schoolboy stuff, and letters of insufferable self-sufficiency, unctuated with a good share of the twaddle gathered in his later years, to be used for the especial catching of the devout; in short, it is exactly the book of 'a first-class man of Oxford,' and, of course, to all men of sense and taste, a perfectly trivial and obnoxious performance." However, by his former book—"Travels in India," &c.—the Bishop's widow—since married, in a hurry, to a Greek Count, or something of that sort—is said to have made eleven thousand pounds! But the Bishop had his admirers, as these lines from Southey will testify:—

"O! Reginald, one course
Our studies and our thoughts,
Our aspirations held,
Wherein, but mostly in this blessed hope,
We had a bond of union, closely knit
In spirit, though in this world's wilderness
Apart our lots were cast.
Seldom we met; but I knew well,
That whatso'er this never-idle hand
Sent forth would find with thee
Benign acceptance to its full desert.
For thou wert of that audience—fit, though few,
For whom I am content
To live laborious days,
Assured that after years will ratify
Their honourable award."

And Mrs. Ople, too—
"How well I remember the day I first met thee—
'Twas in scenes long forsaken, in moments
long fled:
Then little I thought that a world would regret
thee,
And Europe and Asia both mourn for thee
dead!
"Ah! little I thought, in those gay social hours,
That named thy young head o'er the laurel
would crown thee."

Still less that a crown of the simarub's flowers,
Enwreathed with the palm, would, O! Heber,
be thine."

The virtues of another prelate, to which the east has been much indebted, are recorded in a volume of "*Brief Memoirs of the late Right Reverend John Thomas James, D.D., Lord Bishop of Calcutta, particularly during his Residence in India; by Edward James, M.A., &c.*"

Strongly do we recommend to the historical and antiquarian, as well as to the pious reader, the first volume of the "*Life of Thomas Keu, D.D., deposed Bishop of Bath and Wells.*" It abounds with exceedingly curious and interesting matter, arranged with great skill and judgment. We regret that our limits permit us to extract only a passage relating to the death of Cromwell:—

"Lord of life and death! how awful, how terrible, must have been the agony, if in a moment of sound mind, with eternity before him, he felt, for the first time, that all had been delusion. As his mind was sinking, new terrors were excited by the voice of his beloved daughter, departing before his eyes, and faintly murmuring murder! He might now have seen, in sick and shadowy imaginings, the forms of those cut off by him, and heard the voice of the brave, the virtuous Capel."

"Let me sit heavy on thy thoughts to-night,
or of the shade of the intrepid Lord Derby."

"Let me sit heavy on thy thoughts to-night,
or the 'crowned majesty of England,' pale, and with look majestic, yet more in sorrow than in anger pronouncing—

"Let me sit heavy on thy thoughts to-night,
What must have been the agonies of death
to such a man!"

By the publication of Lieutenant Marshall's "*Supplement,*" Part IV., now, complete, that officer's valuable work, "*Royal Naval Biography; or, Memoirs of the Services of all the Flag Officers, Superintending Rear Admirals, Retired Captains, Post Captains, and Commanders,*" arranged: the subjects of this *liensison*, are Captain Barry and Captain Basil Hall. From relations of many remarkable facts, we select the following instance of heroism, which occurred on board of His Majesty's sloop, the *Blind*, commanded by Captain Nicolas, in his exertions with *La Legère*:—

"The Pilot having had her mast-top cut off and shot away, the people were employed also in preparing to send up another, and were in the act of rearing a hawser for the purpose, when a voice was heard from the captain's cabin (to which, as is usual in *Brigs*, the wounded were

sent, and through the skylight of which the mainmast is visible, exclaiming, "You are reeving the hawser the wrong way!" This proved to be the case; and on looking down to see who had detected the mistake at the mast-head, it was found to be John Powers, quartermaster's mate, who was at the moment lying on his back on the table, under the skylight, undergoing the amputation of his thigh, his leg having just before been carried away by a round shot. The man who under such circumstance can think only of his duty, is a hero, and whether a common sailor or an admiral, deserves to have his name placed on record. John Powers was an Irishman, about 25 years of age. It was not likely that his conduct should pass unnoticed; and on his captain's representing it, he obtained for him the object of his ambition—a cook's warrant. He was in the Drake sloop-of-war when that vessel was wrecked on the coast of Newfoundland; and though with but one leg, was amongst the eleven men who were saved."

"We have a third volume—supplementary, as it were, to supply deficiencies, &c.—of *The Life of Major-General Sir Thomas Munro; with Extracts from his Correspondence and Private Papers; by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A., M.R.S.*" To military readers it will be more particularly acceptable: besides other correspondence, of a general and miscellaneous nature, it contains many letters from the Duke of Wellington, furnished to the editor by his Grace. As illustrations of the writer's character, they are important.

We can never imagine a son to be the person best qualified to become the biographer of his father. Omissions he may supply, facts he may furnish, misrepresentations he may correct; but his natural partiality must necessarily hoodwink his candour—his justice, even; and the parent's enemies are not likely to experience much tenderness at the hands of his offspring. The motive may be an amiable one, as we are fully convinced it was in the publication of *Memoirs of the Life and Works of George Romney, by the Rev. John Romney, B.D.*, the artist's son. He "saw with mortification, that all the accounts which have been given both of his father, and his works, were either defective, false, or injurious;"—he felt himself "bound by duty to protect the posthumous fame of his revered relative;"—and "he should have deemed himself guilty of very culpable indifference if he had not endeavoured to dispel the malignant cloud that hangs over his father's memory, and to place his character in its true light." All this is very right; but it does not appear to us, that Mr. Romney has

been completely successful in his attempt to vindicate his father's conduct in deserting his wife; while, on the other hand, it is evident that he regards, with too much asperity of feeling, the motives by which Hayley, Fuseli, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Cumberland, and others, were influenced towards his father. From what we have known of Hayley, however, we can give Mr. Romney full credit for the truth and justness of the following representation:—

"His friendship was grounded on selfishness, and the means by which he maintained it was flattery. By this art he obtained a great ascendancy over the mind of Romney, and knew well how to avail himself of it for selfish purposes. He was able, also, by a canting kind of hypocrisy, to confound the distinction between vice and virtue, and to give a colouring to conduct that might, and probably did, mislead Romney on some occasions. He drew him, likewise, too much from general society, and almost monopolized him, and thus narrowed the circle of his acquaintance and friends. By having intimated an intention of writing Romney's life, he made him afraid to do any thing that might give offence. There was a wrong-headedness in the general conduct of Hayley, arising from the influence of powerful passions, that disqualified him for being a judicious and prudent adviser; yet he was always interfering in Romney's affairs, and volunteering his advice; and I have too much reason to believe, that whatever errors Mr. Romney may have committed, they were mainly owing to the counsel or instigation of Hayley."

There is much judicious, though occasionally exaggerated, criticism in this volume—a quarto of 332 pages—and many curious and amusing anecdotes. To some future biographer of Romney—Allan Cunningham, for instance, in his *Lives of the Painters*—it will be a valuable aid.

We shall transcribe a few sentences illustrating the professional character of the painter:—

"Subjects of the sublime, in which the powerful passions are represented, were, I think, the most congenial to Mr. Romney's mind. He had a perfect knowledge of the effects which the violent emotions of the mind produce upon the features of the face, and the action of the body; so that he could impart to the eye a language almost as expressive as the tongue, and communicate to the muscles and limbs all that appropriate action which they assume according to the impulses of different passions; he could represent with exact discrimination the shades by which kindred affections differ from each other,

and even depict that agony of distress, when conflicting passions lacerate the tenderest feelings of the heart—which is the highest effort of skill—the *acme* of pictorial expression: and his designs representing the struggle between disappointed love and maternal affection in the bosom of Medea, so beautifully described in the epigram on the picture of Timonachus, are convincing proofs in this respect. In short, if there was any part of his art in which he more especially excelled, it was in expression, which is the soul of painting. * * * Notwithstanding Mr. Romney's ardent enthusiasm for heroic painting, he had a rich and elegant fancy, and a nice perception of the charms and graces of female beauty, particularly of that fascinating reserve which results from innocence and virtue; he had, also, a correct feeling and knowledge of the unrestrained actions and playful antics of children; and by combining these respective impressions, he formed in his imagination those ideal beings called *fabrics*, which have so frequently been employed as agents in poetic fiction. * * * He had a just conception of the *beau idéal*, which he had acquired by a diligent study of the antique while at Rome: so that even in his portraits he was able to combine ideal grace with the realities of nature. He could impart to his female figures that indescribable something, that *je ne sais quoi*, which captivates the spectator without his being able to account for it. He knew how to unite Grecian grace with Etruscan simplicity. * * *

"In the colouring of Mr. Romney's portraits, there is a purity, a clearness, and a relief, which gives them the appearance of reality. In representing the carnations of the female face his skill was pre-eminent. * * *

"He never sacrificed the durability of his colours in order to obtain by meretricious arts a temporary applause for rich and mellow tints. His style is clear, chaste, and unsophisticated; and he will obtain from time what others have anticipated by trick. His pictures which were painted sixty years ago, appear now as fresh as if recently taken from the easel."

It appears that we have not yet had a sufficient number of works on the "birth, parentage, and education, life, character, and behaviour, of the exile of St. Helena." Two volumes—and, for aught we know to the contrary, the series may not be completed in less than forty or fifty—of "*Memoirs of the Private Life of Napoleon, his Family, and Court; by M. Constant, First Valet de Chambre to the Emperor*," add to the stock. The chief facts of importance that we glean from this prodigious bundle of gossip, are, that the beating of the hero's heart was not perceptible either to himself or to others; and

that, different from most other heroes, he did not don his doublet in haste, with his own hands, but was always dressed from head to foot like a child. M. Constant is a very amusing sort of person, but not having room for his thousand and one stories about nothing, we shall restrict the reader's attention to a brace of very light anecdotes—whether true or false we pretend not to know—

"The Emperor and his brother Lucien had a grand quarrel on account of the latter's marriage with Mlle. I., a lady who had been more than suspected. One day, on Lucien's refusing to marry the queen of Etruria, the Emperor said to him, indignantly, 'See to what you are led by your foolish passion for a woman of gallantry.'—'At least,' replied Lucien, 'mine is young and pretty.' This evident allusion to Josephine so enraged the Emperor, that he dashed the watch he held on the floor, exclaiming, 'I will break you, since you will listen to nothing, as I have done this watch.'"

"Lucien was just now very desirous of being in the good graces of the Mlle. Méairai, a pretty and lively actress. The conquest was not a very difficult one: in the first place, it had never been matter of difficulty; secondly, the lady knew Lucien's opulence, and took his liberality for granted. The first attentions of her lover confirmed this opinion. She was settled in a superb house, elegantly furnished; and the contract for it given her the day on which she took possession. At every visit, he made her some splendid present; this lasted some time: at length Lucien, tired of his bargain, became desirous to get rid of it in the least expensive manner. He had given her a magnificent pair of diamond girandoles; and before he allowed the least coldness to appear in his manner, he took up these ear-rings one morning, while standing at his mistress's toilette:—'Truly, love, I shall quarrel with you; as if I could refuse you any thing, and here are you wearing diamonds whose setting is quite old-fashioned.'—'It is not six months since you gave them me.'—'Six months! as if any woman who had a respect for herself—a woman with the least good taste, would wear what had six months' date! I must send them to my jeweller to be reset.' The prince was of course most tenderly thanked; and he went away with the ear-rings and diverse other ornaments; but a quarrel next day asserted the necessity of returning them. Still the house and furniture were so much gained, when one morning the proprietor waited on her to know if she wished her lease renewed; she ran for her deed of purchase—it was only a receipt for two years' rent!"

Two volumes of *Personal Memoirs, or Reminiscences of Men and Manners, at Home and Abroad, during the last half Century, with Occasional Sketches of the Author's Life; being Fragments from the Portfolio of Pryse Lockhart Gordon*, may serve to while away a few hours very agreeably. Many whole-length sketches of remarkable characters are here given in a very spirited style. We have room, however, for only one brief specimen—an account of a most brilliant hoax played off by Mr. Vassall, the father of Lady Holland:—

"It was the fashion, 'fifty years ago,' to roast meat by a wheel, in which was enclosed a short-legged cur, called a turnspit. There was hardly any other sort of jack in Bristol; and Vassall, who had a great love for the canine race, determined to give the turnspits a holiday; and he fixed on Sunday, as on that day the bakers' ovens were not at work. Our wag, by bribing a batch of vagabonds, contrived to gather together every turnspit 'within the bills of mortality,' which he shut up in stables, feeding them well. Great was the consternation of the 'hogs' when the cooks struck work for lack of their marmitons. There was a hue and cry all over the town, and the roasts were put aside for another occasion. In the evening the dogs returned, and, contrary to their patron's calculations, got well trimmed; but he had the satisfaction of hugging himself with the thoughts that the gourmands had a meagre day, and the quadrupeds a holiday. It was soon found out that the trick was got up by Vassall. Miss Vassall was at this time a pretty piquante girl of sixteen, and a great favourite of her papa, who played off his tricks on every one but her."

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

In this department of English literature, the last six months have been less prolific than usual. We find, indeed, only two works of consideration, beyond what have been already noticed: the first in one volume, the second in two volumes:—"*Travels in Russia, and a Residence at St. Petersburg and Odessa in the Years 1827-29; intended to give some Account of Russia as it is, and not as it is represented to be; by Edward Morton, M.D., &c.*;" and "*Travels to the Seat of War in the East, through Russia and the Crimea, in 1828; with Sketches of the Imperial Fleet and Army, Personal Adventures, and Characteristic Anecdotes; by Captain J. E. Alexander (late of the 16th Lancers), K.L.S., M.R.A.S., Cor. Mem. S.A.E. and M.G.S., Author of Travels in Asia, Persia, and Turkey.*"

Dr. Morton's performance is remarkable for the inveterate dislike which its author displays towards Russia, and for the tone of invective which it indulges respecting the favourable representations that Dr. Granville has given of the Russian government and people. And it must be allowed that the opportunities for forming an accurate judgment, enjoyed by Dr. M., in his capacity of travelling physician to Count Vorontzof, were quite as good as those of Dr. G., who, we believe, has before been accused of enacting too strongly the part of a courtier. At all events, the opinions of the one will operate as an excellent set-off against the opinions of the other. What we chiefly could have wished is, that Dr. Morton should have evinced a milder spirit and a better temper. Some of his notices of the manners and customs of the people are sufficiently interesting. For instance:—

"While I was sitting at breakfast this morning, a servant of the court entered, and, after uttering a few words in the Russian language, threw a handful of millet and oats into my face. I was of course surprised at this conduct; but, guessing it to proceed from some custom prevailing here, I took it in good part. He then said that the Countess Vorontzof wished to see me immediately. I left my rooms accordingly, and went into the Count's cabinet, where I found himself, the Countess, their children, and one or two of the *employés*, at breakfast. His Excellency, rising upon my entrance, shook hands, and wished me a happy new year; after which, he threw a handful of millet and oats at me. I had hardly got rid of these, before the children and the other individuals present renewed the attack in a similar manner. Count Vorontzof informed me, in the course of conversation subsequently, that this is a custom prevailing only in the Ukraine and the south of Russia, which are corn countries. Throughout the whole day, millet and oats were kept in constant readiness, and every one who entered the house, of whatever rank or sex, was assailed as I had been."

Further, on the subject of bridals and mournings:—

"During the court-mourning for the late empress-mother, I observed, at one of the governor-general's soirées, Madame Fonton, who had only been married a few days, arrayed in white, the other ladies, without exception, being in black. Upon inquiring the reason of this, to me, singular distinction, I learned that it is a custom in Russia for brides never to wear any but white or coloured dresses for one year after their marriage, whatever mournings may happen within that period."

Captain Alexander is a lively, spirited, good-humoured fellow; and, notwithstanding he was apprehended as a spy, imprisoned, and posted off from Odessa to St. Petersburg, to prove his innocence—which he did, and received the Emperor's apology for the mistake which had been committed—his account of Russia and the Russians is eminently favourable—serving to keep Dr. Granville in countenance. The importance of rank, in a traveller, is amusingly illustrated by the following dialogue which occurred between a friend of Captain Alexander's, and a police officer, at Cronstadt:—

“What are you?” said the officer.

“I am an English gentleman.”

“What *chin* (rank) have you?”

“None.”

“What is your profession?”

“I am of no profession.”

“How so?”

“Because I am a private gentleman.”

“But you must have had rank some time or other, and you must have been in some business.”

“I live on my property.”

“But that won't do, Sir. In God's name, what are you?”

“Well, then, I am a magistrate of a county, and deputy-lieutenant.”

“Well, then, that will do. Why did you not say that at first?”

We could occupy nearly the whole of our pages with extracts—solid and valuable information, striking anecdotes, vivid and picturesque descriptions—from Captain Alexander's volumes; but, one or two nautical scraps, and we must have done. Russian sailors, and naval discipline, as witnessed in Admiral Gleig's ship, are well portrayed in a very few words:—

“It is quite astonishing to think of the docility of the Russian. It frequently happens that not till the age of five-and-twenty is he taken, a rough peasant with a bushy red beard, from his village, and put on board ship, to which and the sea he has hitherto been an entire stranger. He is immediately made to go aloft, and in six months is as good a sailor as needs be. The messes consist of five-and-twenty men each; and, after a glass of grog, they stand round a wooden vessel hung by cords from the beams, and sup with their wooden spoons *casha* (millet) and butter, on alternate days with soup and meat. This food, so superior to what the soldiers get, and which the admiral by his exertions obtained for his sailors, shewed itself in their appearance, and also made them more forward in action. Every evening a party of the men

used to assemble at the gang-way to sing their national airs; and two excellent bands played by turns at the admiral's table. Sundays were distinguished by the lamps being lighted before a silver screen, on which were paintings of the Virgin and saints. The priests and their congregation were as devout as their brethren on shore: still it was singular to see hundreds of sailors between decks kneeling behind one another, and amongst the engines of death, and crossing themselves, and praying before their saints.”

Here is a picture of a different class—naval tactics of Turkey:—

“Whenever the admiral weighed anchor, Hussein Pacha fired a gun for every ship that stood out to sea. These signals were repeated all down the coast to the capital; for every town and village was furnished with cannon, which frequently were masked; so that when the Russian cruisers ran into a harbour in pursuit of a merchantman that was, perhaps, stealing along the coast—of a sudden, from an insignificant place, round and grape-shot would unexpectedly pour upon them; and frequently they were so severely handled, as with difficulty to make their escape to sea. Horsemen would then be seen dashing from the interior, and lining the coast; and then charging about in defiance, and firing off their pieces at the retreating vessels.”

THE FINE ARTS.

FUSELI was, what Dr. Parr affirmed himself to be—a man of “stupendous powers.” Wild and startling as many of his pictorial conceptions were, still they were the conceptions of genius—of splendid and magnificent genius. Nor was his genius displayed alone in the efforts of his pencil. His mind was richly imbued with classic lore; the dead, and several of the living languages, were mighty spirits, which he held under his control, and could occasionally let loose with astounding effect; and the complete mastery which he obtained over the English tongue—a mastery which but few natives acquire, in equal force, splendour, and ferri-ness of eloquence—enabled him, in his lectures and other literary productions, to raise a monument to his own fame, that will not soon perish. The first course of “*Lectures on Painting, delivered at the Royal Academy, by Henry Fuseli, P.P.*” has long been well known to, and as highly estimated by, artists and lovers of art; and very recently has been published, under the superintendence of Mr. Knowles, and printed *verbatim* from the author's MSS.; the second course, or series, six in number, the two courses forming an

aggregate of twelve Lectures. Mr. Knowles, from whom we are also promised "The Life and Works of Mr. Fuseli," has rendered no slight service to the arts by this publication.

The Lectures now before us are, respectively—On Design;—Colour, in Fresco Painting;—Colour, in Oil Painting;—On the Method of fixing a Standard, and defining the Proportions of the Human Frame, with Directions to the Student in copying the Life;—On the prevailing Method of treating the History of Painting, with Observations on the Picture of Leonardo da Vinci of the Last Supper;—and, On the present State of the Art, and the Causes which check its Progress.

Mr. Fuseli, most sensibly and judiciously, lays great stress upon the necessity of *genius* in a painter—on the necessity that *proof* should be given of the *possession of genius* before the pupil should be allowed to devote himself irrevocably to the art; and upon this principle, he considers that "the province delegated by the Academy to its teachers must be—where hope promises success, and sparks of genius appear—to foster, to encourage; but where necessity commands, rather to deter than to delude, and thus to check the progress of that compendious method, which has ruined the arts of every country, by reducing execution to a recipe, substituting manner for style, ornament for substance, and giving admission to mediocrity."—For (still with reference to the students) he finally observes—

"Instruction, it is true, may put them in possession of every attainable part of the art in a decent degree; they may learn to draw with tolerable correctness, to colour with tolerable effect, to put their figures together tolerably well, and to furnish their faces with tolerable expression—it may not be easy for any one to pick any thing intolerably bad out of their works; but when they have done all this—and almost all may do this, for all this may be taught—they will find themselves exactly at the point where all that gives value to art begins—genius, which cannot be taught—at the threshold of the art, in a state of mediocrity. 'Gods, men, and fame,' says Horace, 'reject mediocrity in poets.' Why? Neither poetry nor painting spring from the necessities of society, or furnish necessities to life; offsprings of infancy, leisure, and lofty contemplation, organs of religion and government, ornaments of society, and too often mere charms of the senses and instruments of luxury, they derive their excellence from novelty, degree, and polish. What none indispensably want, all may wish for, but few only are able to

procure, acquires its value from some exclusive quality, founded on intrinsic or some conventional merit, and that, or an equal substitute, mediocrity cannot reach; hence, by suffering it to invade the province of genius and talent, we rob the plough, the shop, the loom, the school, perhaps the desk and pulpit, of a thousand useful hands. A good mechanic, a trusty labourer, an honest tradesman, are beings more important, of greater use to society, and better supporters of the state, than an artist or a poet of mediocrity."

On a subject which has been recently much agitated—that of the encouragement of the arts by national establishments, and by pecuniary and honorary distinctions—Mr. Fuseli is equally happy—

"By a great establishment, I mean one that will employ the living artists, raise among them a spirit of emulation dignified by the objects of their occupation, and inspire the public with that spirit; not an ostentatious display of ancient and modern treasures of genius, accumulated by the hand of conquest or rapine. To plunder the earth was a Roman principle, and it is not perhaps matter of lamentation that modern Rome, by a retaliation of her own principle, is made to pay the debt contracted with mankind. But let none fondly believe that the importation of Greek and Italian works of art is an importation of Greek and Italian genius, taste, establishments, and means of encouragement; without transplanting and disseminating these, the gorgeous accumulation of technic monuments is no more than a dead capital, and, instead of a benefit, a check on living art."

"The effect of honours and rewards has been insisted on as a necessary incentive to artists: they ought indeed to be, they sometimes are, the result of superior powers; but accidental or partial honours cannot create genius, nor private profusion supply public neglect. No genuine work of art ever was or ever can be produced, but for its own sake; if the artist do not conceive to please himself, he never will finish to please the world.

"We have now been in possession of an academy more than half a century; all the intrinsic means of forming a style alternate at our commands; professional instruction has never ceased to direct the student; premiums are distributed to rear talent and stimulate emulation, and stipends are granted to relieve the wants of genius and finish education. And what is the result? If we apply to our Exhibition, what does it present, in the aggregate, but a gorgeous display of varied powers, condemned, if not to the beasts, at least to the dictates of fashion and vanity? What therefore can be urged against the conclusion, that, as far as the public is concerned,

the art is sinking, and threatens to sink still deeper, from the want of demand for great and significant works? Florence, Bologna, Venice, each singly taken, produced, in the course of the sixteenth century alone, more great historic pictures than all Britain taken together, from its earliest attempts at painting to its present efforts. What are we to conclude from this? that the soil from which Shakspeare and Milton sprang, is unfit to rear the genius of poetic art? or find the cause of this seeming impotence in that general change of habits, customs, pursuits, and amusements, which for near a century has stamped the national character of Europe with apathy, or discountenance of the genuine principles of art?

"But, if the severity of these observations, this denudation of our present state moderates our hopes, it ought to invigorate our efforts for the ultimate preservation, and, if immediate restoration be hopeless, the gradual recovery of art. To raise the arts to a conspicuous height may not perhaps be in our power; we shall have deserved well of posterity, if we succeed in stemming their farther downfall, if we fix them on the solid base of principle. If it be out of our power to furnish the student's activity with adequate practice, we may contribute to form his theory; and criticism founded on experiment, instructed by comparison, in possession of the labours of every epoch of art, may spread the genuine elements of taste, and check the present torrent of affectation and insipidity."

(Any number of copies—bound and unbound.)

Another work, of much value to the artist, the connoisseur, and the collector, is Smith's "*Catalogue Raisonné of the Works of the most Eminent Dutch and Flemish Painters*," Part I., illustrating the performances of Gerard Dow, Francis and William Mieris, Adrian and Isaac Ostade, and Wouvermans, by critical remarks and biographical notices, has been some time before the public, and was introduced to the readers of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE in a former volume. Part II. is devoted to the "Life and Works of Peter Paul Rubens;" and Part III. is, in a similar manner, to embrace the "Life and Works of Vandyke." In Mr. Smith's work, which, in its progress, has been most ably executed, we find a minute description of each picture, its size, history, condition, present situation and possessorship, &c., a sort of information that is extremely useful to purchasers. The history of Rubens and of his pictures is altogether eminently judicious; and never have we before seen advanced a theory so satisfactory and conclusive as Mr. Smith's, respecting the possibility of one man's producing a number of pictures so surprisingly

great, as that which passed the easel of that great Flemish artist.

"Presuming (says he) that the reader has gone through the account of the life of Rubens, in which the energies of his mind and physical powers are largely noticed, he will have perceived that he was able to perform, in the space of a few days, as much work as would cost other artists so many weeks; that numerous sketches, designs for the models of large pictures, were frequently the result of a few hours' amusement, or, at most, the efforts of two or three days' application. Let the reader, then, imagine such a genius, such a phenomenon in art, to have under his control six or eight clever pupils, well versed in the facile system of painting peculiar to the school; and that each of these was furnished with a model, or sketch, to work from on an enlarged scale, by the unerring medium of lines; and that having correctly drawn in the subject, forwarding their several pictures under the continual inspection, and with the occasional assistance of their instructor; that, lastly, he passed over them his broad, rapid pencil, infusing life and spirit in every figure, and harmonized the piece;—he will perceive how, by the labour of a day or two, Rubens rendered the work his own, and worthy of his distinguished name. But, in addition to his regular pupils, it should also be remembered, that he had the aid of Francis Snyders and Paul de Vos, to introduce animals, fruit, and objects of still life, into such subjects as required them; and Willems, Van Uden, and Montpers, to paint the landscape department: by such means, the work of eight or ten persons was accomplished daily. Nothing short of such auxiliaries could have produced in less than two years the sketches and finished pictures, representing, in a series of twenty-one allegories, the life of Marie de Medicis, besides portraits and other smaller works, done exclusively by his own hand. The same means were, doubtless, used to execute the immense pictures for the convent of Loeches, in Spain (as these were also painted at Antwerp), the ceiling of the Jesuits' Church, the life of Decius, and the numerous pictures which formerly adorned the altars of the churches in the Low Countries."

POETS.

We do not, like the Indians, proffer adoration to his Satanic Majesty, from any apprehension of the evil that he may do unto us, for we consider him to be under the control of a higher power; but, on the other hand, we must take leave to remark, that many strange and indecent liberties have of late been taken with the name, character, and conduct of his Infernal Highness. He

has been made the hero of swarms of political squibs, and of melodramas without number at the minor theatres. This is bad, in both taste and feeling. However, the only *jeu d'esprit* of this class that we purpose meddling with—and that, neither for its wit nor its satire, for, smart and severe as they are, they contain much that might prove offensive to eyes and ears polite, but chiefly for one sweet touch of exquisite and genuine poetry, which merits to be preserved—is, “*The Devil’s Progress, a Poem, by [ostensibly, but not really] the Editor of the ‘Court Journal.’*” —“It is scarcely necessary,” observes the writer, “to say that this poem owes its origin to the striking, though not, otherwise, very clever, *jeu d’esprit* from which its epigraph is adopted; and which has been, for some time, running about the world, under the credit of the various paternities of Porson, Coleridge, and Southey—the latter of whom is (or perhaps the two latter, jointly, are) pretty generally supposed to be its authors.” Now, leaving the cleverness of the production alluded to entirely out of the question—for its merit has long since been decided on—we take leave to say—and, by saying it, we shall have the satisfaction of correcting the stupid blunders of a multitude—that, as to its authorship, there is no “perhaps;” for, by turning to the collected works of Coleridge, with which every poetical reader ought to be acquainted, it will be seen that the poem is Coleridge’s, with the exception of the first three stanzas and the ninth, which were contributed by Southey.

We shall introduce the old gentleman, and then leave him to his progress; since, as we have intimated, the satiric personalities of the writer are not to our taste, nor are his modes of expression at all times suited to the eye or ear of the young or the nice.

“The Devil sits in his easy chair,
Slipping his sulphur tea,
And gazing out, with a pensive air,
O’er the broad bitumen sea;
Lulled into sentimental mood,
By the spirit’s far-off wail,
That, sweetly, o’er the burning flood,
Floats on the brimstone gale!—
The Devil, who can be sad, at times,
In spite of all his mummery,
And grave—though not so prosy quite
As drawn by his friend Montgomery—
The Devil, to-day, has a dreaming air,
And his eye is raised, and his throat is bare!”
But, here is the sweet passage we spoke
of—

“He stood beside a cottage lone,
And listened to a lute,
One summer eve, when the breeze was gone,
And the nightingale was mute!
The moon was watching on the bill,
The stream was staid, and the maples still,
To hear a lover’s suit,
That—half a vow, and half a prayer—
Spoke less of hope than of despair;
And rose into the calm, soft air,
As sweet and low
As he had heard—oh, woe! oh, woe!
The flutes of angels, long ago!

“By every hope that earthward clings,
By faith, that mounts on angel-wings,
By dreams that make night shadows bright,
And truths that turn our day to night,
By childhood’s smile, and manhood’s tear,
By pleasure’s day and sorrow’s year,
By all the strains that fancy sings,
And pangs that time so surely brings,
For joy or grief—for hope or fear,
For all hereafter—as for here,
In peace or strife—in storm or shine,
My soul is wedded unto thine!”

“And for its soft and able reply,
A murmur, and a sweet, low sigh,
But not a spoken word;
And, yet, they made the waters start
Into his eyes who heard,
For, they told of a most loving heart;
In a voice like that of a bird
Of a heart that loved—though it loved in vain,
A grieving—and, yet, not a pain!
A love that took an early root,
And had an early doom,
Like trees that never grow to fruit,
And, early, shed their bloom!
Of vanished hopes and happy smiles,
All lost for evermore;
Like ships, that sailed for sunny isles,
But never came to shore!
A flower that, in its withering,
Preserved its fragrance long;
A spirit that had lost its wing,
But still retained its song!
A joy that could not, all, be lost,
A comfort in despair!
And the Devil fled, like a lated ghost,
That stuffs the purer air;
For he felt how lovers’ own sweet breath
Surrounds them, like a spell,
And he knew that love—as strong as death,
Is far too strong for Hell;
And, from the country of its birth,
Brings thoughts—in sorrow as in mirth,
That sanctify the earth—
Like angels, earthward compass-driven,
And waiting to return to heaven!”

Really we hope to meet the writer of these lines under different circumstances.

"*The Recluse of Inchidony, and other Poems*, by J. J. Callanan," are, we understand, the production of a young man whose death was almost simultaneous with the appearance of his unpretending little volume. Mr. Callanan was evidently an admirer—a worshipper—of Byron: had Byron never written his "*Childe Harold*," "*The Recluse of Inchidony*," which is in the same measure, would never have been given to the world. Yet it is not without originality, strength, and true poetic feeling. But, "at second hand," Byron is no better than Garrick.—From the minor poems, we select one brief but favourable specimen, "suggested by an impress on a seal," representing a boat at sea, and a man at the helm looking up at a solitary star, with the motto—*Si Je te perds, Je suis perdu*."—

"Shine on, thou bright beacon,
Unclouded and free,
From thy high place of calmness
O'er life's troubled sea;
Its morning of promise,
Its smooth waves are gone,
And the billows rave wildly,
Then, bright one, shine on!"

"The wings of the tempest
May rush o'er thy ray;
But tranquil thou smilest,
Undimmed by its way;
High, high, o'er the world's
Where storms are unknown,
Thou dwellest all beauteous,
All glorious—alone."

"From the deep womb of darkness
The lightning-flash leaps,
O'er the bark of my fortunes
Each mad billow sweeps;
From the port of her safety,
By warring winds driven,
And no light o'er her course,
But yon lone one of Heaven."

"Yet fear not, thou frail one,
The hour may be near,
When our own sunny head-land
Far off shall appear;
When the voice of the storm
Shall be silent and past,
In some island of Heaven
We may anchor at last."

"But, bark of Eternity,
Where art thou now;
The wild waters shrink
O'er each plunge of thy prow;

On the world's dreary ocean,
Thus shattered and tost,
Then, lone one, shine on,
'If I lose thee I'm lost!'"

The typography of this volume—from some country press—is shamefully incorrect.

We are much pleased with "*Sketches of Bandit Life, and other Poems*," by a gentleman, as we are informed, not yet of age, and in hours snatched from professional studies. Youth ought never to be admitted as an apology for the publication of *bad* verses; but, when the verses happen to be *good*, as in the present instance, they are, from the circumstance of their coming forth at an early age, entitled to more favourable notice. These "*Sketches*," however, may almost be termed finished productions. They constitute a series of pictures of the feelings and situations of a Bandit Chief, with a fair and beautiful girl, whom he has made his wife; and they contain many passages of great beauty. Thus, the opening is spirited:—

"Pass we the tale, for it were long,
To tell how, urged by flagrant wrong,
The outlaw left his feudal hearth,
To roam a brigand through the earth,
In evil hour, and how he came
To wear a robber's dreaded name.
A southern clime, and fertile shore,
His acts of heartless rapine bore,
Where oft the peasant's tale made known
His desperate deeds, with trembling tone,
And, at his name, ungovern'd fear
Came o'er each hardy mountaineer,
Till, when his form they turned to scan,
They deemed him something more than man;
And rumours, far and widely spread,
Unearthly horrors round him shed;
They hinted something of a spell
Which he could sway too widely well,
A talisman, on him conferr'd,
Within whose deep and potent word
The power to act his will was held,
For evil or for good,
A charm which fealty compell'd
From those who dwell by field and flood,
Spirits of darkness and of blood!
To work his bidding, and to do
Whate'er his mandate urg'd them to."

The following is a pretty lyrical effusion:—

"The sun is shining from the sky;
Upon the verdant plain,
The sea-birds plume their wings to fly
Across the rolling main;

There's gladness in the morning hour,
And gladness in the air,
Then lightly from thy leafy bow
Arouse thee, lady fair!

"Awake, for none are by, save me,
My hand afar is gone,

This day I dedicate to thee,
Ourselves shall be alone;

For thee the pensive strain I'll sing,

Thou lovest best to hear,
Then lightly from thy slumbers spring,

And rouse thee, lady fair!"

The Miscellaneous Poems were written earlier than "Sketches of Bandit Life," and are certainly not equal to the latter in merit, though they display traits of genius in every page—indications of a brilliant poetical career, should the writer's avocations allow him to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with the Muses.

Although, in this age of pretension, when every one who has mastered A, B, C, fancies him or herself a poet, the office of a critic is no *sinécure*, yet, amidst the mill-horse drudgery of wading through reams of inanity, it must be confessed that he has sometimes moments of enjoyment; for if, in the present day, the weeds of folly and conceit take root and flourish abundantly, still, on the other hand, many a fair flower of genius springs up, and strikes out healing and vigorous shoots, to refresh the sense, and delight the mental eye.—The foregoing remark is suggested by our perusal of a small volume that has just issued from the press, whose unpretending title—namely, "*Poems, by Mrs. I. S. Prowse*"—by no means led us to expect any thing out of the usual routine of every-day rhymesters. Most agreeably, however, have we been disappointed; for many of the pieces in this little volume evince talent of no common order, conjoined with great depth of feeling, considerable power of description, and, generally speaking, good taste, and sweetness of versification. We are of opinion that the fair author's *forte* is blank verse, with the structure of which, the due management of its pauses, &c. she appears to be well acquainted. To prove how far this opinion may be correct, we extract, for the reader's gratification, the following beautiful lines, which, in pathos and delicacy, we have seldom seen exceeded. They are entitled "Love's Truth:"

"I saw thee in thy happiness—how sweet
It was, to mark thy soft cheek warmer glow

E'en with thy innocent thoughts, and fondly
seek
To hide those dove-like eyes from him whose
life

It was to look on thee: I know not why
A thought of sadness o'er my spirit came,
E'en when I saw thee fair as new Love's dream,
And blessed as the fondest prayer could ask—
Was it, that in the beam of thy blue eyes
I caught some strange unuttered history
Of sorrow and despair?—and that I saw
Thou wert so fragile, grief would wither up
Thy sweet form like a flower the frost hath
touch'd,

Should ill befall the chosen of thy heart?
Too soon, poor Leila, came the fatal blow;
Thine idol died! and thou wast desolate.

"I saw thee in thy sorrow—very pale
Was thy young cheek; yet in the hour of joy,
A dying rose-leaf had as lively glow;
But then 'twas perfect whiteness—now the tint
Was of the shroud and grave—thy tearless
eyes

Were heavy, as a cloud did rest on them;
And for the smile that once dwelt on thy lips,
'Twas gone for ever—yet like sunset beams
Still left a trace where its soft light had been;
A shrine's sad glory when the god has flown.

"Desolate Leila! when unsparing grief
Had broken her true heart, I saw her last
Deck'd for the ready grave: those whitest hands
With their dim violet tracery of veins,
Like pale autumnal leaves just perishing,
In holiest semblance, meekly were entwined
Over a heart too kind, too pure for earth:
The soft curls parted on the parian brow
Shewed nought of death—save that they were at
rest,
And closed for ever were the loving eyes.—
Flowers of all hues were scattered, and of these
The first fresh bloom had pass'd—e'en like her
own!

Else had their splendour been a mockery;
Drooping and withering, it seemed most fit
That things alike so frail and beautiful
Should be entomb'd together.—For awhile
I felt as I could gaze away whole hours,
Watching the soften'd trance—like quietude,
Wherewith the spoiler Death had shrouded her,
Like a young saint in the white sanctity
Of silent adoration: but too soon
The dreary sense of Beauty motionless—
The undefined chill that ever reigns
Where death is present—when our fondest loved
Become mysterious, sacred—
Till my heart bowed before the silent power
Of the cold grave's new habitation—
Mournful, I turned away—yet scarcely wish'd

I might recal the sleep—
This earth for her had not a joy to give—
And she hath bliss in heaven."

We regret that our limits restrain us from offering more than one specimen of the many sweet flowers of poetry that are, with no niggard hand, strewn throughout the pages of this little book. We must content ourselves with pointing out to the notice of the reader, "The Guerrilla Bride," and "The Lament of the Highland Widow;" the latter of which would do no discredit to the pen of that bright mistress of the lyre, Mrs. Hemans. We cordially advise Mrs. Prowse to make the most of the gift with which nature has endowed her; for we confidently predict, that, with assiduous culture, her poetic powers will yield rich and abundant fruit.

NOVELISTS.

SEVERAL novels and romances have, within the last six months, been passed over—not through any fault of ours—in the Monthly Views of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE. Few of them, however, seem to require any detailed notice, unless it were to be of a condemnatory character; and from that, as many a scribbler ought with gratitude to acknowledge, our gentle nature almost invariably shrinks. "Southennan; by John Galt, Esq., Author of 'Laurie Todd,' 'Annals of the Parish,' &c." in three volumes, is, by universal acclamation of the critical conclave, "a dead failure." How can Mr. Galt, who, in point of fact, possesses vastly more of originality and genius than the "wizard of the north," have so mistaken his forte? "Southennan," with a walking-gentleman so named for its hero, is nothing more than a very common-place historical novel; in which, as is usual with historical novels written by very common-place people, the facts of history are grossly perverted, and its characters robbed of their identity and truth. Yet, though fiction is substituted for fact, and distorted shadows for well-proportioned substances, the work has none of the freshness of invention, none of the warmth of imagination. It is hard, and stiff, and cold, "as a dead lover's statue on a tomb." If "Southennan" be entitled to any praise, it is for its descriptions of nature, in which Mr. Galt is generally quite at home. Possibly, however, it may interest some of our readers to be informed that the leading characters of this novel are Mary Queen of Scots, Rizzio (any thing but the Rizzio of history) Chateaufort, Morton, &c.

As a curiosity, we mention "*Levi and Sarah, or the Jewish Lovers, a Polish Tale*, by

Julius Ursinus Niemcewicz: translated from the German edition; with a Preface and Notes by the Editor." This strange production is in a series of letters. Regarded merely as a tale, its interest is extremely slight; but it abounds with information respecting the state of the Jews in Poland; illustrating their character, and exposing many of their absurd and fanatical tenets in religion. Thus, respecting the Heaven of Heaven, we are told that—

"The arch-prince of the universe has thus spoken of it:—The palace of the residences of Jehovah is one hundred and eighteen thousand times ten thousand miles in height, and its extent one hundred and thirty-six times ten thousand miles. From one of his eyes to the other it is reckoned thirty times ten thousand miles. From his right to his left hand are seventy-six thousand times ten thousand miles. His skull is three times ten thousand miles in length, and the same in breadth. The crown of his head measures sixty times ten thousand miles. The soles of the feet of the King of Kings extend to thirty thousand miles. We are thus told by the rabbin Akiwa in page 24: 'that the whole of God's majesty is in height twice thirty-six thousand times ten thousand miles.' Do not, however, you ignorant creatures, imagine that these miles are the same as ours; the miles of the heavenly King are ten thousand times ten thousand ells in length, and each ell is four feet. In the book of Oamei we read: 'that the court and dependants of Jehovah are adapted to his dimensions. His attendants are 360,000 angels, and 10,000 seraphim; that 36,000 of the former wait daily in their turn.'

In folly and absurdity, there is much that transcends even this; but, as we have intimated, the work is exceedingly curious, and far from being without value.

We shall never forget the deep, the agitating, the overpowering interest excited in us by the perusal of "Crohoore of the Billhook," and "John Doe"—especially the former—by Mr. Banim; but not one of Mr. Banim's subsequent attempts has equalled his first. In "*The Denounced*"—a general appellation for two tales, respectively entitled, "*The last Baron of Crana*," and "*The Conformists*"—Mr. Banim has acted with the ungenerous spirit of his tribe, in tearing up an ancient wound which has cost much—too much—in attempts to heal. They are both founded upon the sufferings induced by the enactments of William and Mary, and Anne, against the proscribed Roman Catholics of Ireland. The hero of "*The Conformists*" is a young man, of respectable

ally, whose desires have not been all met by his parents, and who, in revenge, impetuates them to the government, and thus drives them from their house, and obtains possession of their property. On the other hand, the Baron of Crona, an outlawed Papist, turns robber, under the assumed name of Randal Oge O'Hagan, and becomes the terror and the scourge of the country. This enables the authors to introduce a variety of anecdotes, finding their origin in the exploits of highwaymen, &c. For instance—

Richard Langley went to the fair with his own cow. She died on the road-side. A man came up to him, while, doubtless, he cried over her some variation of "Drumhead, why did you die?" and hearing his story, and his despairing avowals of not having now a hope or a prospect in the world, the stranger offered to lend him five pounds for a year. "You must pay it back, Richard, the day and the hour," he said, "and you must put it under this flat stone," pointing to one in the hedge; and so he left him. Richard Langley, again grown prosperous on the use of the money, did repair to the same spot that day twelve months, and did leave five pounds under the flat stone. Scarcely had he turned his back to walk home, when the stranger jumped over the hedge, lifted up the money, called after him, and said—"Stop, Richard Langley; you are an honest man, and deserve a reward for your honesty. Here are the five pounds again, and five more along with them, not as a loan, but as a gift; and if any one asks you whom you have seen here, tell them Randal Oge"—and Randal was out of sight in an instant.

Randal never plundered the poor man of his smiling. He never had a blood-stained hand. If he could not rob a traveller without certainty of a deadly struggle, he would not attack him at all. This is very well in its way; but the book is in a bad spirit, and ill-timed.

In a single volume, we have nine "Tales of a Tar, with Characteristic Anecdotes; by one of the Authors of 'The Naval Sketch Book'."—some of the ablest, most spirited, most veracious productions of its class that ever issued from the press. Nor, by the lovers of nautical subjects, of naval life, with all its slang, and all its coarseness—strong, vivid, glowing, and impressive—with the present work be found in the slightest degree inferior to its precursor. Captain Glasscock is a sailor, every inch of him. Here, for instance—and we select the passage merely because its brevity sets our limits for extract—is a picture of a sailor's girl, drawn by her lover—

the tar's own portrait being given by the same tar, with yet greater force—

"Whenever 'twas my weather-wheel, she was sure to be backing, and filling, and belling 'bout the binnacle, like a cooper round a cask. There she'd be, one time, a-laying her compass—another, seeing which way her head was—now, axing the name o' that rope—after the name o' this; the difference 'twixt a reef and a cross; lower's knot; and shed she'd send flyin' such a glance at a fellow as would liken the ship up in the wind, or make her yaw from her course—four, or five points. Many a night's the blowin' up she's a-got into. But I take it Miss Morton (for she didn't go by a proper name) took 'em all more at heart, no other eddill Phill. 'I so loves the sea,' says she, 'at day or two after we crosses the Line; 'Sailors,' says she, 'are such kind-hearted men. They've such sinnivatin ways with 'em. They takes such care o' their hair; and they seem,' says she, 'so fond o' children—even among the very pigs and poultry they've always a pet. Oh! Mister Farley,' says she (for you see, and what's more, I never could come at the cause, she always would clasp a handle to my name), 'you doesn't know, Mr. Farley,' says she, 'how much I doats upon sailors. What would I give,' says she, letting fly another flash of her eye—'what would I give,' continued Farley, endeavouring to imitate the feminine tone of his quondam love, 'could I only follow their fortune.' 'I thinks I now hears her voice—sees her afore me with her half-lowered lid fixed on her tapered foot (for she'd a foot like a Chinese child), as it peeped from under her petcoat, shovling the sand, that lay spread upon the deck, into the pitchy seams, as bil'd out in spite o' the awning. Well, you know, when she says, 'What would I give could I only follow their fortune'—so much she gets hold o' my mind, that I'm blessed if the ship didn't broach instantly to, and slap goes, short in the irons, the foretopmast, and to gallant studden-sail booms.

"The Breeze at Spithead," a tale relating to the memorable mutiny at that port, is not less valuable for the historical information it conveys than for its graphic merit. The fore-castle autobiographer is a smart sketch—à la Cruikshank.

"*Ranulph de Rohais; a Romance, of the Twelfth Century, by the Author of 'Tales of a Voyager to the Arctic Ocean.'*" is constructed from historic material, drawn from the time of King Stephen and Maud. The author is not so much at home here as in his former works, but the story has interest, and many of the scenic descriptions are very pleasing and picturesque.

As a first attempt, "*Fiction without Romance, or the Locket Watch, by Mrs. Maria Polack*," is highly creditable to the ability—to the correct moral and religious feeling of the writer. From the light which Mrs. Polack throws upon the manners and customs of the Jews in this country, we almost suspect her to belong to that chosen but persecuted race. The effect of this production would have been materially heightened, had its diction been more polished and correct.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM the elegance of the author's mind, the refinement of his taste, the quality of his attainments, and the merit of his general society, we were warranted in the expectation of a high intellectual treat, in two volumes, of "*Literary Recollections, by the Rev. Richard Warner, F.A.S.*;" and, certainly, our expectation has been fully realised. This is a production of an old and delightful school. Abounding with anecdote, replete with pleasing and valuable information, it is unpolluted by the vulgarity of either high or low life. Every page tells us that the writer is a gentleman, a scholar, and a philanthropist, in the best sense of these too-frequently abused terms.

Written by a very gay, vivacious, mirth-loving, story-telling young fellow of three-and-twenty, "*Four Years' Residence in the West Indies, by F. W. N. Bayley*," imparts to us many lively and useful notions respecting the population of these islands, native and free—their society, manners, and customs—the actual state of slavery, &c. The work is well entitled to perusal. Here is a hint too good to be lost. We have too many artists at home; and emigration, it appears, might prove beneficial in more respects than one:—

"*Les beaux arts* are entirely neglected in the West Indies; sculpture and painting are strangers in the tropics. The magnificent scenery and splendid views of the western isles are left undelineated by the pencil of the artist, though they might adorn his portfolio and establish his fame. By the way, I wish some good miniature painter would find his way into those hot regions. The inhabitants, particularly the more sable ones, would hail him as the 'god of their idolatry'; he would get enough to employ his time for years; he would have the pleasing task of taking some most beautiful likenesses, and the yet more delightful occupation of receiving joes and doubloons from half the population of the Antilles. A good landscape-

painter, a clever engraver on copper or in mezzotinto, and a lithographic establishment, are also much wanted."

It is scarcely in our power to do more than record the appearance of a most amusing publication, in two volumes—"*Retrospections of the Stage; by the late John Bernard, Manager of the American Theatres, and formerly Secretary to the Beef-Steak Club*." All that we can attempt is, to extract from a curious account of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, in his ninth year, the subjoined passage:—

"Lawrence frequently brought his boy to the Green-room, at Bath, and we would get him on a table, and make him recite 'Hamlet's Directions to the Players.' On one of these occasions Henderson was present, and expressed much gratification. The little fellow, in return for our civilities and flatteries, was desirous to take our likenesses the first time we came to Devizes; and Edwin and myself afforded him an opportunity soon after, on one of our non-play-day excursions. After dinner, Lawrence proposed giving us a 'reading,' as usual; but Tom reminding him of our promise, we preferred a specimen of his talents, as being the most novel. The young artist collected his materials very quickly, and essayed my visage the first. In about ten minutes, he produced a faithful delineation in crayon, which for many years I kept as a curiosity. He next attempted Edwin's; who, startled at the boy's ability, resolved (in his usual way) to perplex him. No man had a more flexible countenance than Edwin; it was not only well featured, but well muscled, if I may be allowed the expression, which enabled him to throw over its surface, as on a moral prism, all the colours of expression, minutely blending, or powerfully contrasting. He accordingly commenced his sitting, by settling his face into a sober and rather serious aspect; and when the young artist had taken its outline and come to the eyes, he began gradually, but imperceptibly, to extend and change it, raising his brows, compressing his lips, and widening his mouth, till his face wore the expression of brightness and gaiety. Tom no sooner perceived the change than he started in supreme wonder, attributing it to a defect in his own vision. The first outline was accordingly abandoned, and a second commenced. Tom was now more particular, and watched him narrowly; but Edwin, feature by feature, and muscle by muscle, so completely ran what might have been called the gamut of his countenance (as the various components of its harmony,) that the boy drew, and rubbed out, till his hand fell by his side, and he stood silently looking in Edwin's face, to discover, if possible, its true expression."